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Title: Necronomicon

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....Presently , I heard  
a voice, softly, some  
distance away and a  
more practical fear,  
that of the possibility  
of robbers, took hold  
of me and I rolled  
behind some weeds,  
trembling. Another  
voice joined the first,  
and soon several men  
in the black robes of  
thieves came together  
over the place where I  
was, surrounding the  
floating rock, of wich  
they did not exhibit the  
least fright.

I could see clearly now  
that the three  
carvings on the stone  
monuments were  
glowing a flame red  
color, as though the  
rock was on fire. The  
figures were  
murmuring together  
in prayer and  
invocation, of wich  
only a few words  
could be heard, and  
these in an unknown  
tounge; though, Anu  
have mercy on my  
soul!, these rituals are  
not unknown to me  
any longer.

The figures, whose  
faces I could not see or  
recognise, began to  
make wild passes in  
the air with knives  
that glinted cold and  
sharp in the mountain  
night.

From beneath the  
floating rock, out of  
the very ground

where it had sat, came  
rising the tail of a  
serpent.  
this serpent was  
surly larger than any  
I had ever seen. The  
thinnest sections  
thereof was fully of  
the arms of two men,  
and as it rose from the  
floor it was followed  
by another, although  
the end of the first  
was not seen as it  
seemed to reach down  
into the very Pit  
itself. These were  
followed by still more,  
and the ground began  
to tremble under the  
pressure of so many  
of these enormous  
arms. The chanting of  
the priests, for I  
knew them now to be  
the servants of some  
hidden power, became  
much louder and very  
nearly hysterical

IA! IA! ZI AZAG!  
IA! IA! ZI AZAKAK!  
IA! IA!  
KUTULU ZI KUR!  
IA!  
KAL VAL ZEN  
KORP!  
IA! IA! IA!  
The ground where I  
was hiding became  
wet with some  
substance, being  
slightly downhill  
from the scene I was  
witnessing. I touched  
the wetness and found  
it to be blood. In  
horror, I screamed  
and gave my presence  
away to the priests.  
They turned toward  
me, and I saw with  
loathing that they had  
cut up their chests  
with the daggers they  
had used to raise the

stone, for some  
mystical purpose I  
could not divine;  
Although I know now  
that the blood is for  
the very food of these  
spirits, wick is why  
the field after battles  
of war glows with and  
unnatural light, the  
manifestations of the  
spirits feeding  
thereon.

May Anu protect us  
all!!

\*Here you notice a  
small leather  
bookmark between the  
pages. It seems the  
translator never  
resumed his work for  
the leather is very old  
indeed\*